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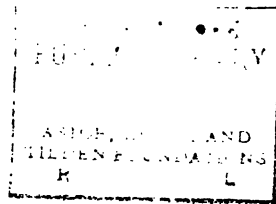
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THE

VIOLET SPEAKER

SELECTED VERSE FOR GIRLS

Poetry, English - Collections
" , American - " "



NCL

Blair



ROMEO: "Farewell. farewell ' one kiss, and I'll descend."—Page 180.

THE VIOLET SPEAKER

SELECTED VERSE
FOR GIRLS

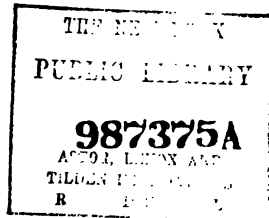


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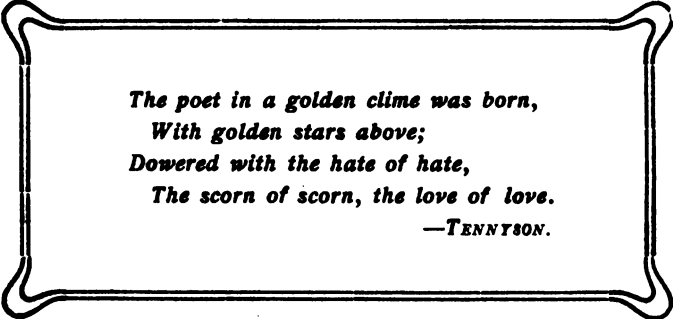


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CONTENTS

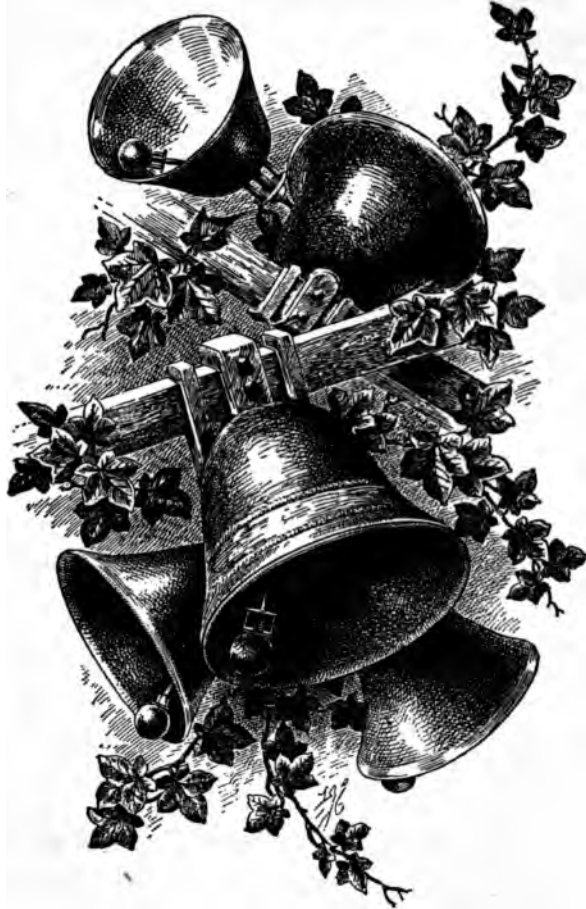
	PAGE
THE VIOLET	7—9
VIOLETS	8
THE VIOLET GIRL	10
BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT	12
YOUNG DANDELION	13
GREEN THINGS GROWING	15
THE OLD ARM-CHAIR	17
THE SPICE-TREE	18
ELIZABETH AND THE ROSES	21
FAIRY SONG	23
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD	24
DICK AND I	27
THE SENTIMENTAL GARDENER	29
LITTLE GRETCHEN	31
BEFORE THE GRATE	36
THE SEVEN SISTERS	37
AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY	40
MARY ANN	41
GRIGGSBY'S STATION	42
THE BOY GIRL	44
THE MILKMAID	46
"THERE'S A BOWER OF BEAN-VINES"	49
FLOWERS	50
FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE	51
A CONFESSION	52
SMALL BEGINNINGS	54
THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES	56
THE MAIDS OF ELFIN-MERE	57
ALBERT GRAEME'S SONG	59
THE BROOK	60
A YEAR'S SPINNING	63
QUESTIONS	64
THE MILKMAID	65
CHANGE UPON CHANGE	67
THAT DAY	68
WHAT THE CHOIR SANG	69
REGRETS	71
THE SAME OLD DRESS	72
ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S BEAU	75
THE MODERN BELLE	77
THE SANDS OF DEE	79
HAROLD'S SONG	80
CREDS OF THE BELLES	83
SEVEN TIMES TWO	87
ON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVORITE CAT	88
LLYN-Y-DREDDIAD-VRAWD	90
THE USE OF FLOWERS	95
A COURT LADY	96
LORD WALTER'S WIFE	101

	PAGE
THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP	106
LOCHINVAR	107
THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY	110
LOVE FROM THE NORTH	117
THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES	118
THE LADY'S YES	123
A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME	123
THE WELCOME	124
IRISH LOVE-SONG	126
WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?	127
ON ALL SOULS NIGHT	129
THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE	130
AN ERRAND	131
'T WAS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY	133
UNDER MY WINDOW	134
THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE	136
THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER	138
THE PILOT	139
THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS	140
BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	143
THE MARRIAGE OF SIR JOHN SMITH	147
LORD ULLEN'S DAUGHTER	149
THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST	151
JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER	156
THE WEIRD LADY	158
THE BROKEN TOKEN	160
YOUNG JESSICA	163
AT THE STAGE DOOR	163
TIME	165
THE PORT O' DREAMS	166
THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE	168
THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL"	170
NEVER DESPAIR	171
EMIR HASSAN	172
"THAT LITTLE HAT"	173
WHAT DID CUPID DO?	175
THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM	176
SEVEN AGES OF MAN	177
"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN"	178
THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND JULIET	179
SHAKESPEARIAN READINGS	181
OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE	182
A SONG	184
BOOKS OF THE BIBLE	185
ON DRESS	186
THE MILLER OF THE DEE	188
MARINER'S HYMN	189
THE WATER GABIES	191
A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON	192



*The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate,
The scorn of scorn, the love of love.*

—TENNYSON.



How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells.—Page 83.



THE VIOLET.

JANE TAYLOR.

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its colors bright and fair!
It might have graced a rosy bower
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume
Within the silent glade.

'Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

VIOLETS.

MISS MULOCK.

Violets, violets, sweet March violets
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets!

White, with just a pinky dye;
Blue, as little baby's eye,—
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.

Though the passing snow-storms come,
Frightening all the birdies dumb,
Up spring violets:

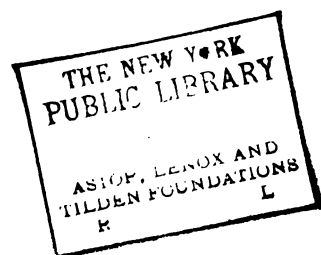
One by one among the grass,
Saying "Pluck me!" as we pass,—
Scented violets.

By and by there'll be so many,
We'll pluck dozens nor miss any:
Sweet, sweet violets!





Violets, violets, sweet March violets.—Page 8.



Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day:—
Mamma likes violets.

THE VIOLET

WILLIAM W. STORY.

O faint, delicious, springtime violet!
 'Thine odor, like a key,
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let
 A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow
 Blows through that open door
The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and
 low,
 And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,
 And that beloved hour,
When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,
 Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass;
 The lark sings o'er my head,
Drowned in the sky—O, pass, ye visions, pass!
 I would that I were dead!—

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,
From which I ever flee?

O vanished joy! O love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odor through my brain
Hath searched, and stung to grief
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain
Thy velvet leaf.

THE VIOLET-GIRL.

HENRI MILNE.

When fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the eye,
'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yestern eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and short my
way,

But sad experience, in one moment earned,
Can crush the heaped enjoyments of the day.

Passing the corner of a populous street,
I marked a girl whose wont it was to stand,
With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked feet,
And bunches of fresh violets in each hand.

There her small commerce, in the chill March
weather,
She plied with accents miserably mild;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those blooming blossoms and that fading child:—

Those luxuries and largess of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of man,
And this poor sorry weed, cast loosely forth
On life's wild waste, to struggle as it can!

To me that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring glee;
While meanest images alone are hers,—
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think, after all this lapse of hungry hours
In the disfurnished chamber of dim cold,
How she must loathe the very scented flowers
That on the squalid table lie unsold!

Rest on your woodland banks and wither there,
Sweet preluders of spring! far better so
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

EUGENE FIELD.

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not—
These three bloomed in a garden spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
 “Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
 O thou child with the tangled hair,
 And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
 Each an offering, passing fair!”
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
 Playing and dreaming—that was all.
 Till once the sleeper would not awake;
 Kissing the little face under the pall,
 We thought of the words the third flower
 spoke,
And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would fold and the eyes would
close.

And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep
A wee flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not.

YOUNG DANDELION.

MISS MULOCK.

Young Dandelion
On a hedge-side,
Said young Dandelion,
“Who'll be my bride?

“I'm a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

"You may uproot me
From field and from lane,
Trample me, cut me,—
I spring up again.

"I never flinch, Sir,
Wherever I dwell;
Give me an inch, Sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

"Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the road-side.

"Not a bit fearful,
Showing my face,
Always so cheerful
In every place."

Said young Dandelion,
With a sweet air,
"I have my eye on
Miss Daisy fair.

"Though we may tarry
Till past the cold,
Her I will marry
Ere I grow old.

"I will protect her
From all kinds of harm,
Feed her with nectar,
Shelter her warm.

"Whate'er the weather,
Let it go by;
We'll hold together,
Daisy and I.

"I'll ne'er give in,—no!
Nothing I fear:
All that I win, O!
I'll keep for my dear."

Said young Dandelion
On his hedge-side,
"Who'll me rely on?
Who'll be my bride?"

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

O the green things growing, the green things
growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things
growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things
growing.

O the fluttering and the pattering of those green
things growing!

How they talk each to each, when none of us are
knowing;

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are
crowing.

I love, I love them so—my green things growing:
And I think that they love me, without false
showing;

For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so
much,

With the soft mute comfort of green things
growing.

And in the rich store of their blossoms glowing
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing:
Oh, I should like to see, if God's will it may be,
Many, many a summer of my green things
growing!

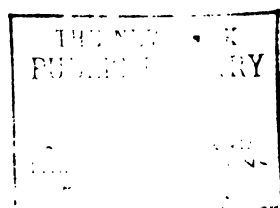
But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing,
Sleep out of sight awhile, like the green things
growing,

Though dust to dust return, I think I'll scarcely
mourn,

If I may change into green things growing.



I love, I love them so—my green things growing.—Page 16



THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

ELIZA COOK.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm chair?
I've treasur'd it long as a holy prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with
sighs;

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's home, I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words would mother give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray.
And I almost worship'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her bible to bless her child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm chair.

'Tis past; 'tis past; but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek:
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

THE SPICE-TREE.

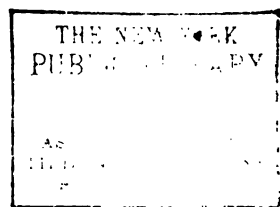
JOHN STERLING.

The spice-tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant spring.



'Tis past; 'tis past; but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow.—Page 18.



That coil-bound stem has branches three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old:

"O princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!
How sadly they flow from the depth below,—
How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

"O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee!

But there comes no breath from the chambers of
death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red;
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread;
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood;
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow,—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the spice-tree the garden's queen
Sits by her lover, who wails no more.

ELIZABETH AND THE ROSES.*(From the German.)*

Know you not the stately dame?
From Wurtburg's castled height she came,
And in her basket brings she store
To satisfy the hungry poor.

The pages and the courtiers high
Marked the expense with grudging eye;
And e'en the Landgrave's kitchen folk
In murmurs their displeasure spoke.

Artfully told in Ludwig's ear,
The lady's charities appear
A weighty evil, as through her
His household's rights endangered were.

And he forbade, with cruel mind,
Such pleasure to his lady kind;
Asking, in scorn, if it were meet
A princess should a beggar greet.

Long to her lord's stern will she bowed,
Till upward to the castle loud
The starving shrieked in their despair;
No longer then would she forbear.

Her maid she beckoned stealthily
To find for her the hidden key;
Then filled her basket running o'er,
And glided from the gate once more.

One of the mischief-loving train
Of courtiers spied her, nor in vain;
Straight to the knight he made his way,
The gentle lady to betray.

Stern Ludwig o'er the drawbridge passed,
And down the steep rock rode he fast,
With anger pale, as 'twere with death,
Woe! woe! to poor Elizabeth!

She hears her husband's clanging spurs,
Kindling with rage his eye meets hers;
Trembling, she knows not what to dread,
Her faint limbs move not, droops her head.

And underneath her apron's folds
Her timid hand the basket holds;
She reads no mercy in his eyes,
Heart-broken upon God she cries.

But Ludwig breaks her silent prayer, —
"Woman! what hast thou hidden there?"
And, curbing his wild rage no more,
The apron from the basket tore.

O miracle! therein are spread
Fairest of roses white and red;
Mercy in Ludwigs' soul is born,
And fills the place of lordly scorn.

He cries, subdued his stubborn will,
"O purest, noblest, love me still!
Upon thy blessed errand hie,
Thy heart's kind impulse gratify."

And still she found her basket's store,
All veiled with roses, running o'er;
And safely through the valley trod,
She who had put her trust in God.

FAIRY SONG

JOHN KEATS.

Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Weep no more! O, weep no more!
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
Dry your eyes! O, dry your eyes!
For I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies,—
Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
'Mong the blossoms white and red,—
Look up, look up! I flutter now
On this fresh pomegranate bough.
See me! 'tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill,
Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu!
I vanish in the heaven's blue,—
Adieu, adieu!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!



Little Red Riding Hood.—Page 24.

The fields were covered over
With colors as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she pressed them
Beneath her little feet;
She plucked them and caressed them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own,—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

DICK AND I.

MISS MULOCK.

We're going to a party, my brother Dick and I,
The best, grandest party we ever did try;
And I'm very happy—but Dick is *so* shy!

I've got a white ball-dress, and flowers in my hair,
And a scarf, with a brooch too, mamma let me
wear:
Silk stockings and shoes with high heels, I declare!

There is to be music—a real soldier's band:
And *I* mean to waltz, and eat ice, and be fanned
Like a grown-up young lady, the first in the land.

But Dick is so stupid, so silent and shy;
Has never learnt dancing so says he won't try—
Yet Dick is both older and wiser than I.

And I'm fond of my brother—this darling old
Dick:
I'll hunt him in corners wherever he stick,
He's bad at a party—but at school he's a brick!

So good at his Latin, at cricket, football,
Whatever he tries at. And then he's so tall!
Yet at play with the children he's best of us all.

And his going to the party is just to please *me*,
Poor Dick! so good-natured. How dull he will
be!

But he says I shall dance "like a wave o' the sea." -

That's Shakspere, his Shakspere, he worships him
so,
Our Dick he writes poems, though none will he
show;
I found out his secret, but I won't tell: no, no.

And when he's a great man, a poet, you see,
O dear! what a proud little sister I'll be;
Hark! there comes the carriage. We're off, Dick
and me.

THE SENTIMENTAL GARDENER.

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Once there was a gardener,
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers;
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder-showers:
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is
deemed a hardener
Of the human system.

Many a moon went over,
And still his death-bell 'tale was told and tolled,—
His tears, like rain in winter,
Dribbling slow and cold:
Voici the song itself,—I send it under cover
To my Leipsic printer.

“Weary, I am weary!
No rest from raking till I reach my goal!
Here, like a tulip trampled,
Lose I heart and soul;

Sure such a death-in-life as mine, so dark, so
dreary,
Must be unexampled.

“Hence, when drouthy weather
Has dulled the spirits of my violets,
Medreams I feel as though I
Should have slight regrets
Were they and I just then to droop and die to-
gether,
Watched and wept by no eye.

“O gazelle-eyed Princess!
Granddaughter of the Sultan of Cathay!
The knave of spades beseeches
Thee by night and day:
He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,
Apricots and peaches!

“Questionless thy Highness
Must wonder why I play the Absent Man;
Yet if I pitch my lonely
Tent in Frankistan,
Attribute, O full moon! the blame, not to my
shyness,
But to my planet only.

“But enough!—I’ll smother
My groanings,—and myself. Were I free
Rix baron, or a Markgrave,
I would fly to thee;
But since—alas, my stars!—I’m neither one nor
t’other,
Here I’ll dig—my dark grave.”

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and
down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on her
feet.
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold
and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker
of the lamp.
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from
the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh
forth.
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces
bright,
And happy hearts are watching out the old year’s
latest night.

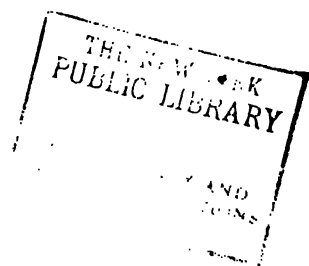
With the little box of matches she could not sell
all day,
And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows
every way,
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the
gloom,—
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight
in the room;
And children with grave faces are whispering one
another
Of presents for the new year, for father or for
mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears
her speak,
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to
her cheek.

.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food,
no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an im-
patient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great
houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her for warmth her
little feet;



My shoulder at the blazing grate.—Page 36.



And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the
colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up
on high.
She hears the clock strike slowly, up in a church-
tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the mid-
night hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used
to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's
twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy
Child,
Who was cradled in a manger when winter was
most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and deso-
late and lone;
And she thought the song had told he was ever
with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones
are his,—
“How good of him to look on me in such a place
as this!”

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel
it now,
For the pressure on her heart, and the weight
upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so
cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if he
were there.

.

There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-
wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands
spread wide.
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that
he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow,—ay, equal to
her own.
And he pointed to the laden board and to the
Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, “Will Gretchen
come with me?”
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her
eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her
dead mother’s hymn:

And she folded both her thin white hands and
turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee,
with thee, O Lord!"
The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull
skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where
Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garments, with her back
against the wall,
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered
as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen
dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more
redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one
let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and
sighed. They could not see
How much of happiness there was after that
misery.

BEFORE THE GRATE.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A song that's old and always new,
A story none can quite explain,
A woof of dreams that stretches through
The farthest deeps of joy and pain;
A bit of music men have sung,
And still must sing, till Time is late—
Is that old song I find among
The blazing embers in the grate.

A power that is more than art,
Yet homely with the soul of home,
That brings to every human heart
Tales of old times where'er we roam;
Old faces, forms, old loves, perhaps,
Old hopes and fears that wreathed our fate,
Come flooding back, when Memory taps
My shoulder at the blazing grate.

Old, and yet sweeter for its age,
Like growing wealth of aged wine;
Thrice-told, yet, for the oft-turned page,
Dearer to hearts like yours and mine.

Old song, I sing you o'er again,
With welcome to your ancient state;
Old dreams, now may you long remain
To cheer us at the blazing grate.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;

Or, the Solitude of Binnorie.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Seven daughters had Lord Archibald
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father, took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:

Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,

For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
 Among our "fierce democracy"!
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*,—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
 Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
 In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end,
 By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation!

MARY ANN.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

She is right weary of her days,
Her long lone days, of dusty kneeling;
And yet "The thoughts o' you," she says,
"Has took away my tired feeling."

"For when I've done the room," she says,
"And cleaned it all from floor to ceiling,
A-leaning on my broom," she says,
"I do have such a tired feeling!"

But he, the other laborer,
Has left behind his moorland shieling,
And comes at last to comfort her,
Because he knows her "tired feeling."

"I know'd you was to come," she says,
"For why? I see'd the swallows wheeling;
And that's a sign to me, I says;
I soon shall lose my tired feeling."

"I'll ax my Misses' leave, I says,
I canna work; my heart wants healing:
She gave it me, and smiles and says,
'Well, that'll cure your tired feeling.'

“And so it will. For days and days
I’m strong again and fit for kneeling;
The thoughts o’ seeing you,” she says,
“Has took away my tired feeling.”

GRIGGSBY’S STATION.

—From “*Afterwhiles.*” Copyrighted by James Whitcomb Riley, and used by permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Pap’s got his patent right, and rich as all creation;
But where’s the peace and comfort that we
all had before?
Le’s go a-visitin’ back to Griggsby’s Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin’ here! It’s jest a mortal
pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets
on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city!
city! city!—
And nothin’ but the city all around us ever’-
wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the
steeple,

And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellow tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan'
people,

And none that neighbors with us, or we want
to go and see!

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—

Back where the latch-string's a-hanging from
the door,

And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as a
relation—

Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit and
bilin'

A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the
Sunday through;

And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's
and pilin'

Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they ust to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts the Jones girls is
makin';

And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled
hired hand,

And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt'
nigh a-takin',
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to
save his land.

Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' any-
more;
Shet away safe in the woods around the old loca-
tion—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

THE BOY GIRL.

WILL S. HAYS.

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She's a lovely country lassie,
And as happy as can be;
She's as pretty as a picture,
And she's all the world to me.
She knows no fads nor fashions,
Nor any "social sets;"
She's just what nature made her
And one of nature's pets.

She was sweet sixteen last summer,
And her mother often tried
To teach her "city manners,"
And to be more dignified.
But that brown-eyed country beauty
Was a jolly, cunning elf,
Said she "never could be happy
If she didn't act herself."

She could run and jump and whistle,
She could handle papa's plows,
She could "ride a mule to meetin',"
She could drive and milk the cows.
And when she churned for butter,
In her bare feet, near the spring,
The birds in congregations
Gathered near to hear her sing.

She could beat her mother washing,
She could cook and iron, too,
And she'd always sing or whistle
At the work she had to do.
She could shoot a gun or rifle,
Climb a rail fence low or high,
And I've seen her skin a rabbit
'Fore a cat could wink its eye.

THE VIOLET SPEAKER

She could ride a horse a-straddle,
She could climb the tallest trees,
She could wade the creek in summer,
With her dress above her knees.
She could feed the hogs and chickens,
And 'twould make an angel laugh
To see that country beauty
Run a foot-race with a calf.

She is healthy, hearty, happy,
As life's flowery path she'll roam,
With the birds for her companions,
And the country for her home.
She's a queen among the "young set,"
And I've heard her neighbors say
That they love that country lassie
Who's the Boy-girl of to-day.

THE MILKMAID.

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

A milkmaid, who poised a full pail on her head,
Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:
"Let me see,—I should think that this milk will
procure
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

“Well, then,—stop a bit,—it must not be forgotten,
Some of these may be broken, and some may be rotten;
But if twenty for accident should be detached,
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

“Well, sixty sound eggs,—no, sound chickens, I mean:
Of these some may die,—we’ll suppose seventeen,
Seventeen! not so many,—say ten at the most,
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

“But then there’s their barley: how much will they need?
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,—
So that’s a mere trifle; now then, let us see,
At a fair market price how much money there’ll be.

“Six shillings a pair—five—four—three-and-six,
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;
Now what will that make? fifty chickens I said,—
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—*I’ll ask Brother Ned.*

"O, but stop,—three-and-sixpence a *pair* I must
sell 'em;

Well, a pair is a couple,—now then let us tell 'em;
A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)

Why, just a score of times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how tiresome
it is

That I can't reckon up so much money as this!

Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a
guess,—

I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,
Thirty geese, and two turkeys,—eight pigs and a
sow;

Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis
clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;
When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail descended,

And so all her schemes for the future were ended.
This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—

"Reckon not on your chickens before they are
hatched."

*"THERE'S A BOWER OF BEAN-
VINES."*

PHCEBE CAREY.

There's a bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's
yard,
And the cabbages grow round it, planted for
greens;
In the time of my childhood 'twas terribly hard
To bend down the bean-poles, and pick off the
beans.

That bower and its products I never forget,
But oft, when my landlady presses me hard,
I think, are the cabbages growing there yet,
Are the bean-vines still bearing in Benjamin's
yard?

No, the bean-vines soon withered that once used
to wave,
But some beans had been gathered, the last that
hung on,
And a soup was distilled in a kettle, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it awfully hard:

And thus good to my taste as 'twas then to my
eyes,
Is that bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard.

FLOWERS.

THOMAS HOOD.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turned by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead:—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me;
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

*FATHER LAND AND MOTHER
TONGUE.*

SAMUEL LOVER.

Our Father Land! and wouldst thou know
Why we should call it Father Land?
It is that Adam here below
Was made of earth by Nature's hand.
And he, our father made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand;
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country Father Land.

At first in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird all day,—
And maybe 'twas for want of thought.

But Nature, with resistless laws,
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds;
She gave him lovely Eve because
 If he'd a wife they must *have words*.

And so the native land, I hold,
 By male descent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
 Was given in the female line.
And thus we see on either hand
 We name our blessings whence they've sprung;
We call our country Father Land,
 We call our language Mother Tongue.

A CONFESSIO*N*.

(*Washington Star*.)

I've been down to the city, an' I've seen the
 'lectric lights,
The twenty-story buildin's an' the other stunnin'
 sights;
I've seen th' trolley-cars a-rushin' madly down
 the street,
An' all the place a-lookin' like a fairy-land com-
 plete.

But I'd rather see the big trees that's a-growin'
up to home,
An' watch the stars a-twinklin' in the blue an'
lofty dome;
An' I'd rather hear the wind that goes a-singin'
past the door
Than the traffic of the city, with its bustle an' its
roar.

I reckon I'm peculiar, an' my tastes is kind o' low;
But what's the use denyin' things that certainly
is so?
I went up to a concert, an' I heard the music
there;
It sounded like angelic harps a-floatin' through
the air.
Yet spite of all its glory an' the gladness an'
acclaim,
If I stopped to think a minute, I was home-sick
jes' the same;
An' I couldn't help confessin', though it seems
a curious thing,
That I'd rather hear a robin sweetly pinin' in the
spring.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns
on the lea;

And one took root and sprouted up, and grew
into a tree.

Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe
its early vows;

And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask
beneath its boughs;

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds
sweet music bore;

It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass
and fern,

A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary
men might turn;

He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at
the brink;

He thought not of the deed he did, but judged
that toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers
never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and
saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas old,
and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being
true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light be-
came
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-
fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the
valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the
daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied,
from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory
breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul
from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at
random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the
last.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

CHARLES LAMB.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-
days;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom
cronies;

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-
hood,

Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,



I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally.—Page 60.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

How some they have died, and some they have
left me.

And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

THE MAIDS OF ELFIN-MERE.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

When the spinning-room was here,
Came Three Damsels, clothed in white,
With their spindles every night;
One and two and three fair Maidens,
Spinning to a pulsing cadence,
Singing songs of Elfin-Mere,
Till the eleventh hour was toll'd,
Then departed through the wold.
Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.

Three white Lilies, calm and clear,
And they were loved by every one;
Most of all the Pastor's Son,
Listening to their gentle singing,
Felt his heart go from him, clinging

To these Maids of Elfin-Mere;
Sued each night to make them stay,
Sadden'd when they went away.

*Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

Hands that shook with love and fear
Dared put back the village clock,—
Flew the spindle, turn'd the rock,
Flow'd the song with subtle rounding,
Till the false "eleven" was sounding;
Then these Maids of Elfin-Mere
Swiftly, softly left the room,
Like three doves on snowy plume.

*Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

One that night who wander'd near
Heard lamentings by the shore,
Saw at dawn three stains of gore
In the waters fade and dwindle.
Nevermore with song and spindle
Saw we Maids of Elfin-Mere.
The Pastor's Son did pine and die;
Because true love should never lie.

*Years ago, and years ago;
And the tall reeds sigh as the wind doth blow.*

ALBERT GRÆME'S SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
 A Scottish knight the lord of all!

That wine she had not tasted well,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
 For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all!

THE BROOK.

LORD TENNYSON.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

A YEAR'S SPINNING.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

He listened at the porch that day,
To hear the wheel go on, and on;
And then it stopped, ran back away,
While through the door he brought the sun:
But now my spinning is all done.

He sat beside me, with an oath
That love ne'er ended, once begun:
I smiled—believing for us both,
What was the truth for only one.
And now my spinning is all done.

My mother cursed me that I heard
A young man's wooing as I spun:
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word,—
For I have, since, a harder known!
And now my spinning is all done.

I thought—O God!—my first-born's cry
Both voices to mine ear would drown:
I listened in mine agony—
It was the *silence* made me groan!
And now my spinning is all done.

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave
 (Who cursed me on her death-bed lone)
And my dead baby's (God it save!)
 Who, not to bless me, would not moan.
And now my spinning is all done.

A stone upon my heart and head,
 But no name written on the stone!
Sweet neighbors, whisper low instead,
 "This sinner was a loving one—
And now her spinning is all done."

And let the door ajar remain,
 In case he should pass by anon;
And leave the wheel out very plain,—
 That HE, when passing in the sun,
May see the spinning is all done.

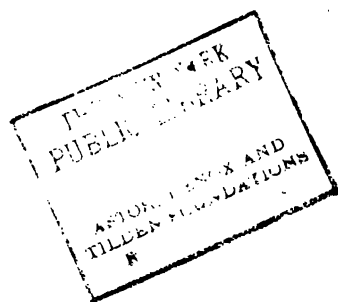
QUESTIONS.

CORA FABRI.

What would the rose do without the sun
 And his golden fingers to spread her apart?
What would the rose do without the dew,
 Nestling deep in her fragrant heart?



He listened at the porch that day,
To hear the wheel go on, and on.—Page 63.



What would the bee do without the rose,
And the honey hid mid her fragile leaves?
What would the bird do without her nest?
And the summer day without the breeze?

What would the night do without the stars,
And the misty moon in her silver bed?
What would the heart do without its tears?
What would the world do if Love had fled?

THE MILKMAID

O where are you going so early? he said;
Good luck go with you, my pretty maid;
To tell you my mind I'm half afraid,
But I wish I were your sweetheart.
When the morning sun is shining low,
And the cocks in every farmyard crow,
I'll carry your pail,
O'er hill and dale,
And I'll go with you a-milking.

I'm going a-milking, sir, says she,
Through the dew, and across the lea;
You ne'er would even yourself to me,
Or take me for your sweetheart.
When the morning sun, &c.

Now give me your milking-stool awhile,
To carry it down to yonder stile;
I'm wishing every step a mile,
And myself your only sweetheart.

O, here's the stile in-under the tree,
And there's the path in the grass for me,
And I thank you kindly, sir, says she,
And wish you a better sweetheart.

Now give me your milking-pail, says he,
And while we're going across the lea,
Pray reckon your master's cows to me,
Although I'm not your sweetheart.

Two of them red, and two of them white,
Two of them yellow and silky bright,
She told him her master's cows aright,
Though he was not her sweetheart.

She sat and milk'd in the morning sun,
And when her milking was over and done,
She found him waiting, all as one
As if he were her sweetheart.
When the morning sun, &c.

CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Five months ago, the stream did flow,
The lilies bloomed within the sedge,
And we were lingering to and fro,
Where none will track thee in this snow,
Along the stream, beside the hedge.
Ah, Sweet, be free to love and go!
For if I do not hear thy foot,
The frozen river is as mute,
The flowers have dried down to the root:
And why, since these be changed since May,
Shouldst *thou* change less than *they*?

And slow, slow as the winter snow,
The tears have drifted to mine eyes:
And my poor cheeks, five months ago
Set blushing at thy praises so,
Put paleness on for a disguise.
Ah, Sweet, be free to praise and go!
For if my face is turned too pale,
It was thine oath that first did fail, —
It was thy love proved false and frail:
And why, since these be changed enow,
Should *I* change less than *thou*?

THAT DAY.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

I stand by the river where both of us stood
And there is but one shadow to darken the flood;
And the path leading to it, where both used to
pass,
Has the step but of one, to take dew from the
grass,—

One forlorn since that day.

The flowers of the margin are many to see;
None stoops at my bidding to pluck them for me.
The bird in the alder sings loudly and long,—
My low sound of weeping disturbs not his song,
As thy vow did, that day.

I stand by the river, I think of the vow;
Oh, calm as the place is, vow-breaker, be thou!
I leave the flower growing, the bird unproved;
Would I trouble *thee* rather than *them*, my be-
loved,—

And my lover that day?

Go, be sure of my love, by that treason forgiven;
Of my prayers, by the blessings they win thee
from Heaven;

Of my grief—(guess the length of the sword by
the sheath's)
By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's!
Go,—be clear of that day!

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG.

HARRIETTE HAMMOND.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little
bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace
upon it.
And that the other maidens of the little town
might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday
just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger
than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of
time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped
their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the
folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at
the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and
smoothed them down before.
“Hallelujah! hallelujah!” sang the choir above
her head—
“Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!” were the
words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, *very*
cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little
head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all
about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of
lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon
or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried
up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-
box on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish
little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you
will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your
mind;
And that the little head that's filled with silly
little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from
prayers.

REGRETS.

CAROLYN WELLS.

I cannot wear the old gowns
I wore a year ago,
The styles are so eccentric,
And fashion changes so;
These bygone gowns are out of date
(There must be nine or ten!)
I cannot wear the old gowns,
Nor don those frocks again.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
The skirts are far too tight;
They do not flare correctly, and
The trimming isn't right.

The Spanish flounce is fagoted,
The plaits are box, not knife;
I cannot wear the old gowns—
I'd look like Noah's wife.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
The sleeves are so absurd;
They're tightly fitted at the top,
And at the wrist they're shirred!
The shoulder seams are far too long,
The collars too high-necked;
I cannot wear my old gowns
And keep my self-respect!

THE SAME OLD DRESS.

Edwin would a-wooing go, tired of single life,
Angelina has no beau—says she'll be his wife—
Edwin says: "When once we're wed, all your
heart can choose—
Dresses, jewels, shall be yours—nothing I'll re-
fuse."
Sweet Angelina's satisfied,
Off to the church—a blushing bride,
She wore a dress of purest white,
Of most expensive make.

'Twas Edwin's little present, and she wore it for
his sake.

"With all my goods I thee endow,"

Said Edwin, and he added: "Now
You'll never know what 'tis to want a new silk
dress."

Time goes on, as time will do—trousseau's wear-
ing out—

Edwin will be glad to buy plenty more, no doubt.
Angelina wants a dress—Angelina's sad—
Edwin says he can't afford—trade is very bad.

"And, if you *must* go to the ball,

Go in your old one, then, that's all!"

She wore a dress of purest white,

So sweetly trimmed with green,

It really looked as good as new, since it had been
to clean.

But all the ladies said: "Dear me!

I never did!" and "Don't you see?

She's actually wearing yet the old white dress!"

Edwin alters more and more—trade is growing
worse—

Angelina wants the cash—Edwin keeps the purse,
Angelina's eldest son's worn out all his clothes—
Edwin cannot understand where all the money
goes.

Discussion keen, and Edwin wild—
Christening-robe for youngest child—
It wore a robe of purest white,
All covered up with lace.
It came in very handy, altered just to fit the case;
But though 'twas very well disguised,
Yet somehow it was recognized,
And people said: "A useful thing—that old white
dress."

Angelina growing old—dress no longer fits,
Wants a summer bonnet now—cudgelling her
wits.

Never goes to Edwin, though; 'tisn't any good,
He can never spare the cash—wouldn't if he
could.

In corner-shop, exposed to view,
Second-hand clothes as good as new
There hangs a dress that once was white,
But now is white no more.
And all the ladies say: "Aha! we've seen that
dress before."

And when on Angelina's head
They saw the bonnet, neighbors said:
"She's bought her summer bonnet with the old
white dress."

***ENTERTAINING HER BIG SISTER'S
BEAU.***

BRET HARTE.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you re
to wait, if you please,
And says I might stay till she came if I'd
promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's
nonsense, for how would you know
What she told me to say if I didn't? Don't you
really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone!
And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we
never use it a bit.
We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says
it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it and knock
out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to
—Oh, you're afraid they would think it was
mean?
Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if
you're sure that your fingers are clean.

For sister says sometimes I daub it, but she only
says that when she's cross.

There's her picture. You know it! It's like her;
but she ain't as good-looking, of course!

"This is me. It's the best of 'm all. Now, tell
me, you'd never have thought

That once I was little as that? It's the only one
that could be bought—

For that was the message to Pa from the photo-
graph man where I sat—

That he wouldn't print off any more till he first
got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting? Why,
often she's longer than this;

There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her
front curls to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown
people, just you and me;

Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh,
do. But don't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness!
He used to be here day and night,

Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and
Jack says that gave him a fright

You won't run away then, as he did? for you're
not a rich man, they say.

Pa says you're as poor as a church-mouse. Now
are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am;
for I know now your hair isn't red;

But what there is left of it's mousey, and not what
that naughty Jack said.

But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I
wish I could wait, just to see

If she ran up to you and she kissed you in the
way that she used to kiss Lee."

THE MODERN BELLE.

STARK.

She sits in a fashionable parlor,

And rocks in her easy chair;

She is clad in silks and satins,

And jewels are in her hair;

She winks and giggles and simpers,

And simpers and giggles and winks;

And though she talks but little,

'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint,—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair";
She's eloquent over moustaches,
They give such a foreign air.
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon;
And, if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light.
Her color is made of cosmetics
(Though this she will never own),
Her body is made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair!
One of the very best matches,—
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!

THE SANDS OF DEE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o’ golden hair,
O’ drowned maiden’s hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o’ Dee.

HAROLD'S SONG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay,
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.



She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair.—Page 77.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"The blackening wave is edged with white:
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

" 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

" 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen,
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel, excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell,
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere;
Come, worship here, come, worship here;
In ritual and faith excel,"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed ye ancient landmarks well,"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan:

With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well, is well, is well,"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell."
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith:
O, swell, ye rising waters, swell,"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works, as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell:
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well, do well, do well, do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world, farewell,"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven:

Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell, farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell:
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life: be just and right.
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell:
"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see,
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell, we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control

The free heart and progressive mind
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail ye saints, the chorus swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well,
To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds.
For love is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

JEAN INGELow.

Romance.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your
changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he
ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily
While a boy listened alone:
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are
over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught dis-
cover:
You leave the story to me.

*ON THE DEATH OF HIS FAVORITE
CAT.*

THOMAS GRAY.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise?
 What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled—
 She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watery god
 Some speedy aid to send:
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard,—
 A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceived
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glistens, gold!

LLYN-Y-DREIDDIAD-VRAWD.

(The Pool of the Diving Friar.)

T. L. PEACOCK.

Gwenwynwyn withdrew from the feasts of his
hall;
He slept very late, he prayed not at all;
He pondered, and wandered, and studied alone;
And sought, night and day, the philosopher's
stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead of his roof;
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all
fire,
Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these, on the plains like a torrent he broke;
He filled the whole country with flame and with
smoke;
He killed all the swine, and he broached all the
wine;
He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the
kine.

He took castles and towns; he cut short limbs and
lives;
He made orphans and widows of children and
wives:
This course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great
man.

When, at last, he had gained all for which he had
striven,
He bethought him of buying a passport to
heaven;
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well
know
How soon, or which way, his great spirit might
go.

He sought the grey friars, who, beside a wild
stream,
Refected their frames on a primitive scheme;
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All lonely and ghostly, and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place
made,

And rock-rooted oaks stretched their branches on
high,
The friar stood musing and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn, "Hold, father, here's
store,
For the good of the church, and the good of the
poor;"
Then he gave him the stone; but, ere more he
could speak,
Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek.

He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red
gold,
And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwyn-
wyn the Bold;
And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake;
The philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake;
Two systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smoothed them off, as they never
had been.

Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted, his voice:
"Oh friar, grey friar, full rash was thy choice;

The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast
thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's
stone!"

The friar looked pale, when his error he knew;
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue;
And heels over head, from the point of a rock,
He plunged, without stopping to pull off his
frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had slighted he found not again:
Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the grey friar a diver so stout:
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dabchick dis-
traught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night:
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sacked his castle, and marched with the plunder
away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was rolled,
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the
Bold:

The brethren, unfeed, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream;
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his
dream:

And day after day, ever head under heels
He dived all the time he could spare from his
meals.

He dived and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed with fear and
amaze:

The mad friar's diving-place long was their
theme,
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the
stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight
winds ride,

If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night,—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for Him.

A COURT LADY.

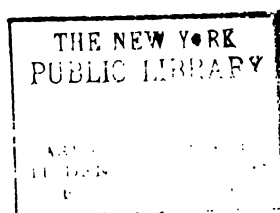
ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with
purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and rest-
less spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in
race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.



To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.—Page 96.



Never was lady on earth more true as woman and
wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in
manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her
maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court
of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of
the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the
small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to
fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of
snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered
her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the
hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to
end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the
place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a
young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop
of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art
thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her
face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a
second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dun-
geons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life
were sorer.
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove
lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and
tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by the
stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life
overcast
To ripen our wine of the present, (too new,) in
glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face
like a girl's
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black
hole in the curls.

“Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou,
dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the
List of the slain?”

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks
with her hands:

“Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she
should weep as she stands.”

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried
off by a ball:

Kneeling, . . . “O more than my brother! how
shall I thank thee for all?

“Each of the heroes around us has fought for
his land and line,
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a
wrong not thine.

“Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be
dispossessed:

But blessed are those among nations, who dare to
be strong for the rest!”

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch
where pined

One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope
out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at
the name,

But two great crystal tears were all that faltered
and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion
and loss,

And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if
she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then
to another,

Stern and strong in his death. “And dost thou
suffer, my brother?”

Holding his hands in hers:—“Out of the Pied-
mont lion

Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live
or to die on.”

Holding his cold rough hands,—“Well, oh, well
have ye done

In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble
alone.”

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her
feet with a spring,—
“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court
of the King.”

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

“But why do you go?” said the lady, while both
sate under the yew,
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the
kraken beneath the sea-blue.

“Because I fear you,” he answered;—because
you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your
gold-colored hair.”

“O that,” she said, “is no reason! Such knots are
quickly undone,
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but
too much sun.”

“Yet farewell so,” he answered;—“the sunstroke’s
fatal at times.
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop
rings still from the limes.”

"O that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence:

If two should smell it, what matter? who grumbles, and where's the pretence?"

"But, I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,

To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am told.

Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?"

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid

In your lap to be pure; so I leave you: the angels would make me afraid."

"O that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;

And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger,—“Why, now, you no longer are fair!

Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn,—“These men! O, these men overnice,
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice.”

Her eyes blazed upon him—“And *you!* You bring us your vices so near
That we smell them! You think in our presence a thought ’twould defame us to hear!

“What reason had you, and what right,—I appeal to your soul from my life,—
To find me too fair a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.

“Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply
I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?

“If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much
To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise!—shall I thank you for such?

“Too fair?—not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a while,
You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.

"A moment,—I pray your attention!—I have a
poor word in my head
I must utter, though womanly custom would set
it down better unsaid.

"You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when
I showed you a ring.
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No mat-
ter! I've broken the thing.

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved at
my side now and then
In the senses,—a vice, I have heard, which is
common to beasts and some men.

"Love's a virtue for heroes!—as white as the snow
on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is that strug-
gles, endures, and fulfils.

"I love my Walter profoundly,—you, Maude,
though you faltered a week,
For the sake of . . . what was it? an eyebrow? or,
less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to
stoop to the frivolous cant
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle,
betray, and supplant,

"I've determined to prove to yourself that, what-
e'er you might dream or avow
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me
than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face!—in the face.
Understand, if you can,
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean
as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for
fear we should cost you a scar,—
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the
women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered . . .
there's Walter! And so at the end,
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me,
in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then.
Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me
to ask him to dine."

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

THOMAS MOORE.

("Irish Melodies.")

'Tis believed that this harp which I wake now for
thee

Was a siren of old who sung under the sea;
And who often at eve through the bright billow
roved

To meet on the green shore a youth whom she
loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold ringlets to
steep,

Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so
warm,

And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's
form!

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled
the same—

While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round
the frame;

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its
bright rings,

Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath
 been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee and grief when
 away!

LOCHINVAR.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Lady Heron's Song.)

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the
 best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had
 none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochin-
 var.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for
 stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was
 none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word,)

"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-
var?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied;—

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide;—

And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochin-
var."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the
cup.

She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to
sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could
bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochin-
var.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did
fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet
and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere bet-
ter by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran:

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

(A domestic legend of the reign of Queen Anne.)

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!"

Thomson—or Somebody.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

(THOMAS INGOLDSBY.)

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, her lord, was stout of limb,
And his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs," with a tortoise-shell
rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,

And she was uncommonly fond of him,—
And they were a loving pair!—
And the name and the fame
Of the Knight and his Dame,
Were everywhere hailed with the loudest acclaim.

.

Now Sir Thomas the Good,
Be it well understood,
Was a man of very contemplative mood,—
He would pore by the hour,
O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a
shower;
Black-beetles and Bumble-bees, Blue-bottle flies
And Moths, were of no small account in his eyes;
An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,
While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long
legs" and thighs
Passed the common in shape or in color or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
Well, it happened one day,—
I really can't say
The particular month; but I *think* 'twas in May,
'Twas, I *know*, in the Springtime,—when "Na-
ture looks gay,"

As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so
 bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with
 light,—
That the whole of the house was thrown into
 affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone with
 the Knight!

 It seems he had taken
 A light breakfast,—bacon,
An egg,—with a little broiled haddock,—at most
A round and a half of some hot buttered toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
 And then—let me see!—
 He had two, perhaps three,
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gun-
 powder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de*
 vie,—
Which with nine out of ten would perhaps dis-
 agree.—

 In fact, I and my son
 Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"

Neither having the nerves of a bull or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call
"pison."

No matter for that,—

He had called for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so
flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoise-shell rim, and
his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used to
sustain

His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and
his grubs.

Thus armed, he set out on a ramble,—alack!
He *set out*, poor dear soul!—but he never came
back!

The morning dawned,—and the next,—and the
next,

And all in the mansion were still perplexed;

.
Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
With that very peculiar expression of face
Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
Crying out,—'twas the gardener,—“O Ma'am!
we've found Master!”

"Where? where?" screamed the lady; and Echo
screamed, "Where?"

The man couldn't say "There!"

He had no breath to spare,

But, gasping for air, he could only respond

By pointing,—he pointed, alas! TO THE POND.

'Twas e'en so,—poor dear knight!—with his
"specs" and his hat

He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that,

When, close to the side

Of the bank, he espied

An "uncommon fine" tadpole, remarkably fat!

He stooped;—and he thought her

His own;—he had caught her!

Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought
her,

When—he plumped head and heels into, fifteen
feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for
him.

As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of
limb,

His body between them bear:

She sobbed and she sighed, she lamented and
cried,

For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
She swooned, and I think she'd have fallen down
and died

If Captain MacBride
Had not been by her side,
With the gardener; they both their assistance
supplied,
And managed to hold her up.

But, when she "comes to,"
O, 'tis shocking to view
The sight which the corpse reveals!
Sir Thomas's body,
It looked so odd,—he
Was half eaten up by the eels!
His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes,
Were all gnawed through and through!
And out of each shoe
An eel they drew;
And from each of his pockets they pulled out two!
And the gardener himself had secreted a few,
As well we may suppose;
For when he came running to give the alarm
He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John
Was summoned anon;
Holy water was sprinkled,
And little bells tinkled,
And tapers were lighted,
And incense ignited,
And masses were sung, and masses were said,
All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,—
And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
Had made up her mind,—or what's much the
same,
Had *thought about*—once more “changing her
name.”

And she said, with a pensive air,
To Thompson the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
“Eels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably
fond.—
Go, pop Sir Thomas again in the pond;
Poor dear!—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!”

LOVE FROM THE NORTH.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I had a love in soft south land,
Beloved through April far in May;
He waited on my lightest breath,
And never dared to say me nay.

He saddened if my cheer was sad,
But gay he grew if I was gay;
We never differed on a hair,
My yes his yes, my nay his nay.

The wedding hour was come, the aisles
Were flushed with sun and flowers that day;
I pacing balanced in my thoughts:
"It's quite too late to think of nay."—

My bridegroom answered in his turn,
Myself had almost answered "Yea:"
When through the flashing nave I heard
A struggle and resounding "Nay."

Bridesmaids and bridegroom shrank in fear,
But I stood high who stood at bay:
"And if I answer yea, fair sir,
What man art thou to bar with nay?"

He was a strong man from the north,
Light-locked, with eyes of dangerous grey:
"Put yea by for another time
In which I will not say thee nay."

He took me in his strong white arms,
He bore me on his horse away
O'er crag, morass, and hair-breadth pass,
But never asked me yea or nay.

He made me fast with book and bell,
With links of love he makes me stay:
Till now I've neither heart nor power
Nor will nor wish to say him nay.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

JANE TAYLOR.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered
floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall ex-
plain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and
gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S
SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and
tea.
O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could
weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.
The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been
there.

As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made for a
weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was
pressed

By those mites the poor widow dropped into the
chest:

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a
bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one
plough;

A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from
thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and
sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh,—'twas THE PEARL OF
GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the
grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve as a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

THE LADY'S YES.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say:
Colors seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,
Lamps above and laughs below,
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,
Vow, whatever light may shine,—
No man on your face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both;
Time to dance is not to woo;
Wooing light makes fickle troth,
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies;
Guard her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her *yes*, once said to you,
SHALL be Yes for evermore.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.

But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

THE WELCOME.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll
adore you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't
sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose
them,

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my
bosom;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire
you;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire
you.

Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed
farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above
me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love
me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the
eyrie;

We'll tread round the rath on the track of the
fairy;

We'll look on the stars and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can
give her.

Oh! she'll whisper you,—“Love as unchangeably
beaming,

And trust, when in secret most tunefully stream-
ing

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river.”

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without
warning;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come, the more I'll adore
you!

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than
ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't
sever!"

IRISH LOVE-SONG.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Would God I were that tender apple-blossom,
Floating and falling from the twisted bough,
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,
As that does now!

Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will
dapple,
Your hair's spun gold.

Yea, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you float between!
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses
To touch you, Queen!

Nay, since you will not love, would I were grow-
ing

A happy daisy in the garden-path;
That so your silver foot might press me going,
Even unto death!

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted forever?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu loro
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day
Cool streams are laving:
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;

There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying;
Eleu loro
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted:
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

ON ALL SOULS NIGHT.

DORA SIGERSON.

O mother, mother, I swept the hearth, I set his
chair and the white board spread,
I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when
Death's sad doors would let out the dead;
A strange wind rattled the window-pane, and
down the lane a dog howled on,
I called his name and the candle flame burnt dim,
pressed a hand the door-latch upon.
Deelish! Deelish; my woe forever that I could not
sever coward flesh from fear.
I called his name and the pale Ghost came; but I
was afraid to meet my dear.

O mother, mother, in tears I checked the sad hours
past of the year that's o'er,
Till by God's grace I might see his face and hear
the sound of his voice once more;
The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took
when he came from unknown skies
Of the land of the dead, on my bent brown head
I felt the reproach of his saddened eyes;
I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by
the fire, my voice was dumb.

At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at
my table he broke no crumb.
Deelish! Deelish; my woe forever that I could not
sever coward flesh from fear.
His chair put aside when the young cock cried,
and I was afraid to meet my dear.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

THOMAS DAVIS.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me;
I could not in a palace find
A truer Love than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail
More bravely than he guards my breast,
The boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
Is not a whit more pure,
The goat that down Knock Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand nor freer eye
E'er faced an autumn gale.
De Courcy's heart is not so high,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not
The dainty stranger sneer,
But who will dare to hurt our cot
When Miles O'Hea is here?
The scarlet soldiers pass along,
They'd like but fear to rail—
His blood is hot, his blow is strong,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van
When seines are in the foam;
But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling to me,
The Boatman of Kinsale.

AN ERRAND.

JANE BARLOW.

I slept; and where her lonely flower-knots gleam
My dear lost Love I saw anear my side,
Yet knew our fate; since in my dreamiest dream
How should I once forget that Norah died?

But by a blossomed briar methought she stood
Whereon the rose's dawn was fair to see;
And: "Bend the spray," she said, "and this small
bud

It lifts so high above us, pluck for me.
"This is the flower I ever loved of yore,
This little rose, that where its petals part
Is all a-flush within as if it bore
A rosier rose's shadow at its heart."

Then, "O my love," I said, "needs must there be
In thy dread world unwist of mortal eyes
Full many a wondrous bloom, and worthier thee
Than aught that drinks the light of these dim
skies!"

"Most fair," quoth she, "untouched of change
that mars,

I see them shine; yet this I chide in all,
That steadfast bides their beauty as a star's,
Nor ever a glow will fade, a leaf will fall.

"For so, Beloved, I still have vainly sought,
And missed in sheeniest sheen, in sweetest
sweet,
A symbol of the old life's bliss pain-fraught—
Thine yet—where all delight doth fail and fleet.

“Hence, for the old days’ sake, from that far land
To clasp these flowers a weary way fare I,
Because their deathward drooping in my hand
Breathes memory of our love that shall not
die.”

*’T WAS PRETTY TO BE IN
BALLINDERRY.*

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

’Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry,
’Twas pretty to be in Aghalee,
’Twas prettier to be in little Ram’s Island,
Trysting under the ivy tree!
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!
For often I roved in little Ram’s Island,
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he’d court me, and I’d be coy,
Though at heart I loved him, my handsome boy!
“I’m going,” he sighed, “from Ballinderry
Out and across the stormy sea;
Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,
Open your arms at last to me.”
Ochone, ochone!
Ochone, ochone!

I opened my arms, how well he knew me!
I opened my arms and took him to me;
And there in the gloom of the groaning mast
We kissed our first and we kissed our last.

'Twas happy to be in little Ram's Island,
But now 'tis as sad as sad can be;
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk for ever beneath the sea.

Ochone, ochone!

Ochone, ochone!

And 'tis oh! but I wear the weeping willow
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And cry to him over the cruel sea,
"Phelimy Hyland, come back to me!"

UNDER MY WINDOW.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

Under my window, under my window,
All in the Midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:—
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Ah! shy little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue Midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:—
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

ELIZA COOK.

A mouse found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make;
'Twas heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,
And covered with sugar all sparkling as ice.

"My stars!" cried the mouse, while his eye beamed
with glee,

"Here's a treasure I've found; what a feast it will
be:

But, hark! there's a noise, 'tis my brothers at play;
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this
way.

"Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat;"
So off went the mouse, as he held the cake fast;
While his hungry young brothers went scamper-
ing past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill;
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with dis-
tress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb;
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah me!" cried the doctor, "advice is too late,
You must die before long, so prepare for your
fate;
If you had but divided the cake with your
brothers,
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good
for the others.

"Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome
enough;
But eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff;
So prepare for the worst;" and the word had
scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient
was dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,
And *some* large ones may learn from the mouse
and the cake:
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain;
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As there we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

THE PILOT.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

O, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,—there's danger on
the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,—I do not
dare to sleep.
Go down! the sailor cried, go down; this is no
place for thee:
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou
mayst be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met we all are apt to
slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves but to
subdue their might.
It is not apathy, he cried, that gives this strength
to me:
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou
mayst be.

On such a night the sea engulfed my father's
 lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down in just so wild
 a storm!
And such, perhaps, may be my fate; but still I -
 say to thee,
Fear not; but trust in Providence, wherever thou
 mayst be.

THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS.

MARY HOWITT.

I made myself a little boat,
 As trim as trim could be;
I made it of a great pearl shell
 Found in the Indian Sea.

I made my masts of wild sea-rush
 That grew on a secret shore,
And the scarlet plume of the halcyon
 Was the pleasant flag I bore.

For my sails I took the butterfly's wings;
 For my ropes the spider's line;
And that mariner old, the Nautilus,
 To steer me over the brine.

For he had sailed six thousand years,
And knew each isle and bay;
And I thought that we, in my little boat,
Could merrily steer away.

The stores I took were plentiful:
The dew as it sweetly fell;
And the honey that was hoarded up
In the wild bee's summer cell.

"Now steer away, thou helmsman good,
Over the waters free;
To the charmèd Isle of the Seven Kings,
That lies in the midmost sea."

He spread the sail, he took the helm;
And, long ere ever I wist,
We had sailed a league, we had reached the isle
That lay in the golden mist.

The charmèd Isle of the Seven Kings,
'Tis a place of wondrous spell;
And all that happed unto me there
In a printed book I'll tell.

Said I, one day, to the Nautilus,
As we stood on the strand,
"Unmoor my ship, thou helmsman good,
And steer me back to land;

“For my mother, I know, is sick at heart,
And longs my face to see.
What ails thee now, thou Nautilus?
Art slow to sail with me?
Up! do my will; the wind is fresh,
So set the vessel free.”

He turned the helm; away we sailed
Towards the setting sun:
The flying-fish were swift of wing,
But we outsped each one.

And on we went for seven days,
Seven days without a night;
We followed the sun still on and on,
In the glow of his setting light.

Down and down went the setting sun,
And down and down went we;
'Twas a splendid sail for seven days
On a smooth descending sea.

On a smooth, descending sea we sailed,
Nor breeze the water curled:
My brain grew sick, for I saw we sailed
On the down-hill of the world.

"Good friend," said I to the Nautilus,
"Can this the right course be?
And shall we come again to land?"
But answer none made he;
And I saw a laugh in his fishy eye
As he turned it up to me.

So on we went; but soon I heard
A sound as when winds blow,
And waters wild are tumbled down
Into a gulf below.

And on and on flew the little bark,
As a fiend her course did urge;
And I saw, in a moment, we must hang
Upon the ocean's verge.

I snatched down the sails, I snapped the ropes,
I broke the masts in twain;
But on flew the bark and 'gainst the rocks
Like a living thing did strain.

"Thou steered us wrong, thou helmsman vile!"
Said I to the Nautilus bold;
"We shall down the gulf; we're dead men both!
Dost know the course we hold?"

I seized the helm with a sudden jerk,
And we wheeled round like a bird;
But I saw the Gulf of Eternity,
And the tideless waves I heard.

“Good master,” said the Nautilus,
“I thought you might desire
To have some wondrous thing to tell
Beside your mother’s fire.

“What’s sailing on a summer sea?
As well sail on a pool;
Oh, but I know a thousand things
That are wild and beautiful!

“And if you wish to see them now,
You’ve but to say the word.”
“Have done!” said I to the Nautilus,
“Or I’ll throw thee overboard.

“Have done!” said I, “thou mariner old,
And steer me back to land.”
No other word spake the Nautilus,
But took the helm in hand.

I looked up to the lady moon,
She was like a glow-worm’s spark;
And never a star shone down to us
Through the sky so high and dark.

We had no mast, we had no ropes,
And every sail was rent;
And the stores I brought from the charmed isle
In the seven days' sail were spent.

But the Nautilus was a patient thing,
And steered with all his might
On the up-hill sea; and he never slept,
But kept the course aright.

And for thrice seven nights we sailed and sailed;
At length I saw the bay
Where I built my ship, and my mother's house
'Mid the green hills where it lay.

"Farewell!" said I to the Nautilus,
And leaped upon the shore;
"Thou art a skilful mariner,
But I'll sail with thee no more!"

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

*THE MARRIAGE OF SIR JOHN
SMITH.*

PHOEBE CAREY.

Not a sigh was heard, nor a funeral tone,
As the man to his bridal we hurried;
Not a woman discharged her farewell groan,
On the spot where the fellow was married.

We married him just about eight at night,
Our faces paler turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the gas-lamp's steady burning.

No useless watch-chain covered his vest,
Nor over-dressed we found him;
But he looked like a gentleman wearing his best,
With a few of his friends around him.

Few and short were the things we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we silently gazed on the man that was wed,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we silently stood about,
With spite and anger dying,
How the merest stranger had cut us out,
With only half our trying.

Lightly we'll talk of the fellow that's gone,
And oft for the past upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if we let him live on,
In the house where his wife conveyed him.

But our heavy task at length was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the spiteful squib and pun
The girls were sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we turned to go,—
We had struggled, and we were human;
We shed not a tear, and we spoke not our woe,
But we left him alone with his woman.

LORD ULLEN'S DAUGHTER.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullen's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood will stain the heather.

"His horsemen fast behind us ride,—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready,—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste," the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O, too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her!

And still they rowed, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullen reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,—
My daughter! O my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Little Ellie sits alone
Mid the beeches of a meadow
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow:
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses—"I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath:
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

“And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face:
He will say, ‘O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!’

“Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, ‘Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’

“Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’
I will utter, and dissemble—
‘Light to-morrow with to-day!’

“Then he’ll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

“Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
‘Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity’s counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?’

“And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—‘Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.’

“Then the young foot-page will run,
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
‘I am a duke’s eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*’

“He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan’s nest among the reeds!

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.

PHŒBE CAREY.

A fellow near Kentucky's clime
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I am this young lady's beau,
And she John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her father's spite
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse beside,
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go, not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"It's anything but funny;
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing-place,
His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all the cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water;
"But leave the purse, and you may go,
My daughter, O my daughter!"

'Twas vain; they reached the other shore,
(Such dooms the Fates assign us,)
The gold he piled went with his child,
And he was left there, *minus*.

THE WEIRD LADY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The swevens came up round Harold the Earl,
Like motes in the sunnè beam;
And over him stood the Weird Lady,
In her charmèd castle over the sea,
Sang "Lie thou still and dream."

"Thy steed is dead in his stall, Earl Harold,
Since thou hast been with me;
The rust has eaten thy harness bright,
And the rats have eaten thy greyhound light,
That was so fair and free."

Mary Mother she stooped from heaven;
She wakened Earl Harold out of his sweven,
 To don his harness on;
And over the land and over the sea
He wended abroad to his own countrie,
 A weary way to gon.

O but his beard was white with eld,
 Oh but his hair was gray;
He stumbled on by stock and stone,
And as he journeyed he made his moan
 Along that weary way.

Earl Harold came to his castle wall;
 The gate was burnt with fire;
Roof and rafter were fallen down,
The folk were strangers all in the town,
 And strangers all in the shire.

Earl Harold came to a house of nuns,
 And he heard the dead-bell toll;
He saw the sexton stand by a grave;
"Now Christ have mercy, who did us save,
 Upon yon fair nun's soul."

The nuns they came from the convent gate
 By one, by two, by three;

They sang for the soul of a lady bright
Who died for the love of a traitor knight:
It was his own lady.

He stayed the corpse beside the grave;
"A sign, a sign!" quod he.
"Mary Mother who rulest heaven,
Send me a sign if I be forgiven
By the woman who so loved me."

A white dove out of the coffin flew;
Earl Harold's mouth it kist;
He fell on his face, wherever he stood;
And the white dove carried his soul to God
Or ever the bearers wist.

THE BROKEN TOKEN.

(Old English ballad.)

One summer evening, a maiden fair
Was walking forth in the balmy air,
She met a sailor upon the way;
"Maiden stay," he whispered,
"Maiden stay," he whispered,
"O pretty maiden stay."

"Why art thou walking abroad alone?
The stars are shining, the day is done."
O then her tears they began to flow,
 For a dark-eyed sailor,
 For a dark-eyed sailor,
 Had filled her heart with woe.

"Three years are passed since he left this land,
A ring of gold he took off my hand,
He broke the token, a half to keep;
 Half he bade me treasure,
 Half he bade me treasure,
 Then crossed the briny deep."

"O drive him, damsel, from out your mind,
For men are changeful as is the wind,
And love inconstant will quickly grow
 Cold as winter morning,
 Cold as winter morning,
 When lands are white with snow."

"Above the snow is the holly seen,
In bitter blast it abideth green,
And blood-red drops it as berries bears;
 So my aching bosom,
 So my aching bosom,
 Its truth and sorrow wears."

1

Then half the ring did the sailor show:
"Away with weeping and sorrow now!
In bands of marriage united we,
Like the Broken Token,
Like the Broken Token,
In one shall welded be."

YOUNG JESSICA.

THOMAS MOORE.

Young Jessica sat all the day,
In love-dreams languishingly pining,
Her needle bright neglected lay,
Like truant genius idly shining.
Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

A child who with a magnet play'd,
And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
And laughing said, 'We'll steal it slily.'
The needle, having naught to do,
Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
And off, at length, eloped the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
Girls would you keep tranquil hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

AT THE STAGE DOOR.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

[*From "Lines and Rymes," by special permission of the author.*]

The curtain had fallen, the lights were dim,
The rain came down with a steady pour;
A white-haired man, with a kindly face,
Peered through the panes of the old stage door.
"I'm getting too old to be drenched like that."
He muttered, and, turning, met face to face
The woman, whose genius, an hour before,
Like a mighty power had filled the place.
"Yes, much too old," with a smile, she said,
And she laid her hand on his silver hair;
"You shall ride with me to your home to-night,
For that is my carriage standing there."

The old door tender stood, doffing his hat,
And holding the door, but she would not stir,
Though he said it was not for the "likes of him
To ride in a kerridge with such as her."

"Come, put out your lights," she said to him,
"I've something important I wish to say,
And I can't stand here in the draught, you know,
I can tell you much better while on the way."
So into the carriage the old man crept,
Thanking her gratefully o'er and o'er,
Till she bade him listen while she would tell
A story concerning that old stage-door.

"It was raining in torrents ten years ago
This very night, and a friendless child
Stood shivering there by that old stage-door,
Dreading her walk, in a night so wild,
She was only one of the 'extra' girls,
But you gave her a nickel to take the car,
And said, 'Heaven bless ye, my little one,
Ye can pay me back if ye ever star.'

"So you cast your bread on the waters then,
And I pay you back as my heart demands.
And we're even now—no, not quite," she said,
As she emptied her purse in his trembling
hands.

“And, if ever you’re needy and want a friend,
You know where to come, for your little mite
Put hope in my heart and made me strive
To gain the success you have seen to-night.”

Then the carriage stopped at the old man’s door,
And the gas-light shone on him standing there;
And he stepped to the curb as she rolled away,
While his thin lips murmured a fervent prayer.
He looked at the silver and bills and gold,
And he said: “She gives all this to me?
My bread has come back a thousand-fold,
God bless her! God bless all such as she.”

TIME.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he’s a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he’s to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Time still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

THE PORT O' DREAMS.

(In Army and Navy Journal.)

It is just beyond the sky-line
With its poppy-fields of rest
Where day's storm-bewildered shallop
Drops its anchor in the west,
Where a silent sea of saffron
Stretches inland toward the streams
That go glimmering down the valleys
Of the purple port o' dreams.

In the far-off gloom behind it
Earth's dusky bound'ry lies,
And a step beyond its outpost
The hills of heaven rise;

So near that in the glory
Of their mystic haze it seems
That the dear dead walk beside us
In the peaceful port o' dreams.

Oh, strange and wondrous country,
Hiding close the goals of life,
Who wins to thee brings courage
For the long, dull march's strife,
And the prisoner of living
Hope's freedom pledge redeems
In thine endless, boundless radiance,
Oh, the blissful port o' dreams.

We have called thee Heart's Desire,
Or the Island of the Blest,
And the Land of Finished Stories,
Oh, dreamland in the west.
Yet every heart's the bound'ry
Of thy soul-reposing beams—
Art thou hope or love or heaven,
Oh, happy port o' dreams?

Sail away, oh, weary-hearted,
To the bayous of release,
Leave the drums o' life behind you
At the harbor bar of peace.

Come to anchor off the headlands
Where the light of heaven gleams
In the haven where ye would be
Past the purple port o' dreams.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE.

EDWIN L. SABIN

(In Youth's Companion.)

The little country schoolhouse—you
Remember it; of course you do!
Within the angle snugly set,
Where two long yellow highways met,
And saplings planted here and there
About the yard, and boxed with care
As if to typify, in turn,
The youngsters caught and caged, to learn.

Around, the rolling pastures spread,
With woodland patches garlanded,
From which the breezes gladly bore
Sly invitations to the door.
Across the sills the bees' soft hum
Was mingled with the muttered sum,
And from their covert in the vale
In plaintive pleading piped the quail.

With basket and with pail equipped,
Clear-eyed, tan-cheeked and berry-lipped,
Athwart the pastures, down the road,
They trudged to learning's poor abode;
The pink sunbonnet, broad-brimmed straw;
The bare brown feet that knew no law
Of fashion's last; the bundled forms
That laughed aloud at cold and storms.

What tales the scarred desks might relate
Of triumphs gained with book and slate!
What lore the clapboards loose possess
Of feats at noontime and recess!
And doomed how oft the panes to see,
Back up the road, and o'er the lea,
Haste boy and girl, new worlds to find,
The little schoolhouse left behind.

O little country school! In vain
May critics hold you in disdain.
The greatest lessons that you taught
Were not by chalk and pencil wrought.
As oped your door on fields and sky,
So, likewise just as wide and high,
You opened to the eyes of youth
The principles of love and truth.

THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL."

The sailor 'mid the crashing wreck,
While fiercely blows the gale,
Sings as he treads the lonely deck,
"There's no such word as fail!"

The soldier, as he storms the height
Where death draws back the veil,
Shouts, as he presses to the fight,
"There's no such word as fail!"

Should waves or tempest toss your bark,
As o'er life's sea you sail,
Think, when around you all looks dark,
"There's no such word as fail!"

If e'er misfortunes cloud your life,
Your losses ne'er bewail,
What if the way's with danger rife?
"There's no such word as fail!"

Press onward in your course to fame,
Though cares your path assail,
Remember, would you win a name,
"There's no such word as fail!"

NEVER DESPAIR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

O, never despair! for our hopes, oftentime,
Spring swiftly, as flowers in some tropical clime,
Where the spot that was barren and scentless at
 night
Is blooming and fragrant at morning's first light!
The mariner marks, when the tempest rings loud,
That the rainbow is brighter, the darker the cloud;
 Then, up! up!—never despair!

The leaves which the sibyl presented of old,
Though lessened in number, were not worth less
 gold;
And though Fate steal our joys, do not think
 they're the best,—
The few she has spared may be worth all the rest.
Good fortune oft comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the
 storm;
 Then, up! up!—never despair!

And when all creation was sunk in the flood,
Sublime o'er the deluge the patriarch stood!
Though destruction around him in thunder was
 hurled,

Undaunted he looked on the wreck of the world!
For, high o'er the ruin, hung Hope's blessed
form,—

The rainbow beamed bright through the gloom of
the storm

Then, up! up!—never despair!

EMIR HASSAN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Emir Hassan, of the prophet's race,
Asked, with folded hands, the Almighty's grace;
Then within the banquet-hall he sat,
At his meal, upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the food,
Spilling from the charger, as he stood,
Awkwardly upon the Emir's breast,
Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread,
Fell the slave, and thus, beseeching, said:
"Master, they who hasten to restrain
Rising wrath, in paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave:
"I'm not angry."—"Yet," pursued the slave,
"Yet doth higher recompense belong
To the injured who forgives a wrong."—

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we read,"—
So the prostrate slave went on to plead,—
"That a higher seat in glory still
Waits the man who renders good for ill."—

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and behold
In thy hand I lay a purse of gold,
Let me never fail to heed, in aught,
What the prophet of our God hath taught."

"THAT LITTLE HAT."

I find it in the garden path,
Its little crown half full
Of white flowers; where's the rogue
Who dared my roses pull?
I find it on the roadside there,
The flowers tossed away,
And in the crown, packed carefully,
A load of stones and clay.

I find it in the daisied field,
Or hidden in the clover,
Inspected by the wandering bees,
And crawled by insects over.
I find it on the old barn floor,
Or in the manger resting,
Or swinging from the beams above,
Where cooing doves are nesting.

I find it 'neath my busy feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
Or lying midway up the stairs,
Or by my chamber door.
I find it in, I find it out,
'Neath table, lounge, or chair,
The little shabby brimless thing,
I find it everywhere

But on the curly, golden pate
For which alone 'twas meant,
That little restless, sunny head,
On mischief always bent.
Oh! baby boy, this problem solve,
And tell me, darling, whether
Your roguish pate and this old hat
Were *ever* seen together?

WHAT DID CUPID DO?

ELLIOTT FLOWER

(In The Chicago Post.)

If you are mine, and I am thine,
As says the godlike elf,
Then all that's thine, of course, is mine,
And so I get myself.

And all that's mine is thine as well,
So, as you've said you're mine,
Why, any one can straightway tell
That both of us are thine.

Thus you have two and I have two,
(Each two, please note, the same.)
So, tell me, what did Cupid do
When he at us took aim?

You get yourself, of course, with me;
Then all you get restore;
But still you've two, so we must be
No less, combined, than four.

Thus we are four, but will be one,
And were before but two!
Positions I'd exchange with none—
But what did Cupid do?

*THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-
WORM.*

WILLIAM COWPER.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel—as well he might—
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent,—
“Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
“As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For ’twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(From "As You Like It.")

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

“WHEN LOVELY WOMAN.”

When lovely woman wants a favor,
And finds, too late, that man won't bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
If he have feeling, is, to cry!

*THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND
JULIET.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

JULIET: Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO: It was the lark, the herald of the
morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET: Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet,—thou need'st not be gone.

ROMEO: Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul! let's talk, it is not day.

JULIET: It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO: More light and light,—more dark and
dark our woes.

JULIET: Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

ROMEO: Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend. *(Descends.)*

JULIET: Art thou gone so! my love! my lord!
my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
Oh! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO: Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET: O, think'st thou we shall ever meet
again?

ROMEO: I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

SHAKESPEARIAN READINGS.

Oh, but to fade, and live we know not where,
To be a cold obstruction and to groan!
This sensible, warm woman to become
A prudish clod; and the delighted spirit
To live and die alone, or to reside
With married sisters, and to have the care
Of half a dozen children, not your own;
And driven, for no one wants you,
Round about the pendant world; or worse than
worse

Of those that disappointment and pure spite
Have driven to madness: 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most troubled married life
That age, ache, penury, or jealousy
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To being an old maid.

OLD MAN AND HIS WIFE.

There was an old man who lived in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work in a day
As his wife could do in three.

“With all my heart,” the old woman said,
“If that you will allow,
To-morrow you’ll stay at home in my stead,
And I’ll go drive the plough;”

“But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear she may go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

“And you must mind the speckled hen,
For fear she lay away;
And you must reel the spool of yarn,
That I spun yesterday.”

The old woman took a whip in her hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow;

But Tidy hunched and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow
That the blood ran down to his toes.

“High! Tidy! ho! Tidy! high!
Tidy! do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
’Twill be so against my will.”

He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she’d lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn’t do a day’s work in her life,
She should ne’er be ruled by he.

A SONG.

— EUGENE FIELD.

Love was coming down the lane,
Winged, rosy, blind;
In his hand his little bow,
Quiver snug behind.

Now, I thought, he cannot see;
If I stand aside,
He must pass me ignorant,
Therefore satisfied.

Kept I silent in my place;
Near, more near, he came,
While the beating of my heart
Fanned each cheek to flame.

And I, anxious, held my breath,
He will pass me—no!
He is crying! Pretty dear,
It should not be so.

Touched with pity, then quoth I:
“Weep, oh, weep no more!”
And he, laughing, sent this shaft
To my bosom’s core.

BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

Matthew and Mark and Luke and John the Holy
Gospels wrote

Describing how the Saviour died. His life, and
all he taught.

Acts proved how God the Apostles owned with
signs in every place,

And Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved
by grace.

The Apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts,
reproves,

Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the
Father loves.

Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians
ought to be,

Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.

In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will
come from heaven.

In Timothy and Titus a Bishop's rule is given.

Philemon shows a Christian's love as only Chris-
tians saw.

Hebrews reveals the Gospel grace prefigured by
the law.

James teaches without holiness faith is but vain
and dead.

And Peter points the narrow way in which the
saints are lead.

John in his three epistles on love delights to dwell,
While Jude gives awful warning of judgment,
wrath, and hell.

The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous
day

When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the
trembling sinner's stay.

ON DRESS.

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

When days grow short and chilly,

And folks return at last;

When bright grows Piccadilly,

As autumn leaves fall fast,

Sad, yellow, sere and sober,

We watch them drift away,

Then, though in chill October,

Will turn to new array!

Still Fashion has surprises

To agitate the town;

And novelties devises,

When Autumn leaves drift down!

Will higher grow our shoulders?
Or sleeves be made to charm,
The heart of male beholders—
By fitting to the arm?
Will otter be or sealskin
The wrapping of each fair?
Or powder, rouge or real skin,
The fashionable wear?
Will hose be silk and sable
Or white or russet-brown?
To forecast who is able?
When Autumn leaves drift down!

Will petticoats be snowy,
Will frocks be short or long?
Will hats be high and showy?
Will minds be weak or strong?
Will maidens clad in waistcoats
To manly taste incline!
And buttons on their best coats
Be sporting in design?
And shall we wear a dimple,
A simper, smile or frown?
Or will our style be simple,
When Autumn leaves drift down?

THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee!"
He work'd and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,—
"I envy nobody: no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap:
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;

I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sigh'd the while,
"Farewell! and happy be:
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

MARINER'S HYMN.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee;
Let loose the rudder bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So,—let the vessel wear,—
There swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?
“Cloudy, all quiet,—
No land yet,—all’s right.”
Be wakeful, be vigilant,—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold,—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;—
There, let the ingots go;—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbor’s near,—
Lo! the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam;—
Christian! cast anchor now,—
Heaven is thy home!

THE WATER GABIES.

SHEILA.

The Water Gabies in a row
Sat looking at the stream below,
The day was hot, the water cool,
And they had just come out of school;
Oh, how they longed to swim and float,
And make the lily-leaves a boat
But did not dare, because, you know,
Such little sense have Gabies-oh!

The bough gave way with sudden crash,
The elves fell in with cry and splash;
And then, to their delight, they found
That fairies float and don't get drowned.

It was such fun that since that day
They haunt the stream to swim and play;
But now their name is changed, you know,
They're called the Water Babies-oh!

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.

"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at, is that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home the young women would come after them."



